THE PACIFIC

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A religious and family paper

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DEO OPTIMO MAXIMO.

All else for us, one only for desire;
Thanksgiving for the good, but thirst for Thee:
Up from the best, whereof no man need tire,
Impel Thou me.

Delight is menace, if Thou brood not by,
Power a quicksand, Fame a gathering jeer.
Oft as the morn (though none of earth deny
These three are dear).

Wash me of them, that I may be renewed,
Nor wall in clay mine agonies and joys:
O close my hand upon Beatitude!
Not on her toys.

—Louise Imogen Guiney.

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"I Believe in My Mother."

Such was the language of the old commoner, Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, when, in 1868, he was visited by a clergyman, who said to Mr. Stevens: "It is no idle curiosity that has induced me to call on you, but a desire to know your sentiments on the subject of religion. Should you die in this attack, what shall we say about your faith in the Bible?" Raising himself in bed, adjusting his gown and cap, he said, "The Bible, the Bible, take that away, and there is nothing left."

Pressing the question to a personal interest and experience, he said, "I do not profess to have religion in that way; but my old Baptist mother had it, and I believe in my mother."

Think of this, mothers, that this statesman, now nearing the close of a checkered life, as he contemplates the future, goes back to his early training, the example of his pious mother, and says, "I believe in my mother."—I. H. Tonerrce.

It is better to write one word upon the rock than a thousand on the water and the sand.—Gladstone.

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THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal. W. W. FERRIER, Editor. Thursday, July 9, 1903

A SERVANT.

Oh, not to fill the mouth of fame
My longing soul is stirred;
Oh, give me a diviner name:
Call me Thy servant, Lord!

In life, in death, on earth, in heaven,
No other name for me!
The same sweet style and title given
Through all eternity.

Thomas H. Gill.

THE AMERICAN AND THE SAMARITAN.

Once upon a time a Jew who lived in Jericho was going home from a visit to Jerusalem. For twenty miles his road stretched before him stony, steep and wearisome. Robbers infested the way, and murders were numerous. Late in starting, the traveler was hurrying along, for night there would almost certainly mean death. His mind preoccupied with the business of the day, he was riding abstractedly through a dusky ravine, when, without a moment's warning, there sprang upon him a band of highwaymen. Attempting a feeble resistance, he was dragged from his beast, which ran away, was beaten, robbed, stripped, and left half dead upon the roadside.

Now the city of Jericho, to which this man belonged, was a favorite city of the priests and Levites. Thousands of them lived there, and were continually passing this spot to and from the holy capital. So "by chance" —eternal God that chance did guide, writes the poet Spenser—by chance there came down a certain priest that way. Suddenly preceiving what he took to be a corpse, he started, and gathering his garments close, passed hurriedly by. Hardly had he turned a distant corner when, chanting one of David's psalms, there came along one whose dress proclaimed to be a Levite. At sight of a murdered man he shuddered, but, summoning all his courage, went over and looked; and then, for fear of his own life, he, too, passed by on the other side. As touching the law, blameless these two may have been; but as touching love we deem them shameless, and their conduct shameful.

Following these two, kinsmen and fellow-citizens of the wounded traveler came one recognized to be no Jew, but a Samaritan, one taught from boyhood to despise and hate a Jew. By virtue of all the prejudice and passion of sectarian pride, this Jew was none of his. It was Emerson who said, "I grudge the dollar, the dime, the cent, I give to such men as do not belong to me and to whom I do not belong." In pleasing contrast with the precept of the American is the example of the Samaritan. He got down from his beast at once, and with compassion, his best gift, in his heart, took from his wallet the universal remedies of the East, wine with which he cleansed the wounds, and oil with which he assuaged their smarting. Lifting him upon his own ass, he walked by his side until an inn was reached. There he sat up with him all night, and waited lovingly upon him. In the morning he had to go, but he left behind the price of two days' keep for the man he expected to see again on his return, ordered that he should want for nothing, and promised to pay all further expenses.

This story was told by Jesus for a purpose, and we do well to ponder it carefully; for, in the language of a' Kempis, "He to whom the eternal word speaks is set free from a press of opinions." We may truthfully claim to be trying to live according to our opinions, as could the young lawyer to whom Jesus spoke; but can we claim with equal truth that we are trying to learn if our opinions are right? The purpose of Jesus was to teach us that our neighbor is the nearest man that needs us. By the providence of God it often "chances" that needy bodies, needy minds, or needy spirits are on the very path of our daily duty. Only two courses are then before us: in the spirit of the famous American's teaching to pass by and pass on, because perceiving no bond of kinship according to the flesh or spiritual affinity; or, in the spirit of the unknown Samaritan's conduct, to recognize the obligation of a brother's necessity. We cannot be mistaken as to which course was indicated by Jesus in his closing words: "Go, and do thou likewise." Equality has no divine sanction, and finds no hope in the constitution of human nature, but fraternity can be realized, and will be more and more as surely as it ever increasingly has been. It is not helped, however, by the cynical coldness of our American philosopher's sentences, coined in the seclusion of a scholar's retirement; it is furthered by the imitation of the warm-hearted service pictured in this story by the great Teacher himself, for whom piety so largely consisted in pity.

The only cure for pride is humility. The only way to avoid getting too far aloft is to keep near the ground. And humility is just keeping close to earth. Abiding there we cannot fall.

"LET US ARBITRATE!"

It is a welcome sign of the coming era of universal peace to hear disputants say, "We are ready to arbitrate our differences." The old way was to fight it out. The new way is far better. We have been much surprised at the number of instances of late where the questions raised by labor on the one hand and capital on the other have been quietly left to boards of arbitration for settlement.

Arbitration is good business policy. The method saves time and temper; it is really an appeal from men beside themselves with rage to men of cool blood and clear brain; it means that the causes in question will be settled to the ultimate advantage of both parties, and that is better than a victory for either side. What the court of justice is in civil life the board of arbitrators is to the economic world. Lynch law is virtual anarchy; so is the strike and the lockout.

It usually is the case that both parties to a dispute need the friendly offices of the arbitrator. One party or the other may be the chief offender, but neither party may be quite certain to adjust the matters in question so as to leave the other no ground of complaint. If the injured party takes redress into his own hands, he is liable in turn to let passion dictate the manner and degree of satisfaction. The trusted umpire who lays his hand on both and studies the interests of one party as truly as of the other has no motive to overstep the bounds of equity.

Arbitration, then, is both labor's deliverance and capital's safeguard. We cannot return to the old days when combatants refused to make concessions, and insisted on making the trial of strength, falsely assuming that might made right. Some labor unions have seemed to take the back track in declining to accept the decision of arbitrators after submitting the case to them. This is suicidal. Better accept an unjust decision than violate one's word of honor. If the principle be right, temporary aberrations will right themselves. But broken faith is not easily mended.

One of Paul's prayers is found in Phil. i:9 to 11. It may be analyzed, with the aid of the Greek, as follows: The prayer, "And this I pray, that your love may abound yet more and more." How shall their love abound? First, in accurate knowledge, second, in all discernment. Why should their love abound? First, that they may test the things which differ; second, that they may be as examined by the very rays of the sun and found genuine; third, that they may never cause another to stumble till the day of Christ. And what result would follow? They would be filled with the fruits of righteousness unto the glory and praise of God. This is a great intercessory prayer from a heart abounding in this same love.

He is rich who is content. Wealth is in the spirit, not in breadth of acres and overflowing barns.

Two Turkish musicians, a drummer and a piper, returning from a wedding, were overtaken by a storm, and took refuge in a deserted mill. On lighting a fire they discovered wolves in the building, and when attacked by these the drummer beat his drum and the piper played his pipe; and instantly the wolves rushed in terror for the door, and finding it shut, they began to fight one another, and several were torn to pieces, the rest escaping through a hole in the wall. The truth of this is vouched for by the Official Gazette of the Turkish government at Sivas. Would not the enemies of God be equally terrified if they were permitted to hear the music of the innumerable throng who praise Him day and night, and would they need aught but their fear to drive them into the outer darkness?

Robert Louis Stevenson, in an address given shortly before his death, had this to say about the work of missions in the South Seas: "I suppose I am in the position of many other persons. I had conceived a great prejudice against missions in the South Seas, and I had no sooner come there than the prejudice was at first reduced and then annihilated. Those who deblaterate against missions have only one thing to do, to come and see them on the spot. They will see a great deal of good done; they will see a race being forwarded in many different directions, and, I believe, if they be honest persons, they will cease to complain of mission work and its effects."

Is there any help for a man who is the slave of "the devil's darling sin, the pride that apes humility?" A man may always take the lowest place at the feast, but what does it signify if all the time he sits there he enjoys a feeling of superiority because he did so? The disciples of Francis of Assisi wanted to be known as humble men. "Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from secret faults." A minister one day overheard himself praised for his humility, and what was his despair when when he found that the remark was pleasing to him. Such is the human heart.

If we set our affections on things of the flesh continually, and not on things of the soul, our life may prove to be "like a spoiled, shabby pleasure-day, in which the music and the processions are all missed, and nothing is left at evening but the weariness of striving after what has been failed of." The invitation of Jesus is, Come unto me and live in peace and joy.

When we think of the sins we have not committed, the diseases we have not had, the unholy longings that have never been ours, all the negative blessings of our lives, we can offer the prayer of the Pharisee in the spirit of the publican, "God I thank Thee that I am not as other men are."

The Redcross Knight of "Faery Queen" traveled a long time with Lady Truth without learning to believe in her, and much longer still without seeing her face.

Acorns From Three Oaks.

Aloha.

Uncle Jim and Straight University.

When a Yale Junior in 1858 went to Florida his careful father put journals of commerce and New York Observers in his valise to disarm Southern suspicion. The lad saw sad slaves sitting in the market place of Charleston for sale to the highest bidder. December 31, 1862, the young man read Abraham Lincoln's emancipation proclamation to a dusky group of South Carolinians and the next morning took a contingent of them to see Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson unfurl the American flag over them as freedmen at Hilton Head.

Those were the days when Uncle Jim prayed for "de Union soldiers and for de blessed women who had come ober the stormy billows of de briny 'Lantic to teach we people and to preach Christ to we." His prayers, as full of tears and smiles as April weather, as varied as war-time occasions, had one long, studied, uniform and unique conclusion. His long, gaunt figure as he sawed the air with eager face and extended hands, almost touching the floor with his forehead at times, added to the quaint impressiveness. "It's not troo any worth or worthiness of me, but after youse dun let me go troo my three score years an ten and been kicked around as a foot ball for de debil, take me down in peace to me watery grave. As a friend to the poor it is your feeble brudder's humble prayer. Amen and amen." I cannot be mistaken in the peroration for I heard it several months. General Gilmore's biggest gun, called the "Swamp Angel," thundering at Charleston, sometimes sounded an emphatic "amen" to this dusky patriot's prayer. The only occasion when I talked to the little flock of freedmen about Congregationalism they looked at me as strangely as children of today when they hear a playful account of "The taming of the Giasticutus." I should be despondent after seeing "nigger cars" in Kentucky, Louisiana, and Texas, reading and hearing of the pitiful anger shown toward Andrew Carnegie for his gift to Tuskegee, and the bitter and contemptuous discount of the "nigger" on many tongues, had I not seen the progress surely made since the war for the Union. When a gifted Y. M. C. A. Secretary, who was courteous to me, told me Mr. Carnegie's gift had put back the cause of the negro twenty-five years, I remembered how Abraham Lincoln had kept his promise about putting him forward. When I told the friends in the Central Congregational church of New Orleans about Moderator Bradford and the Seattle Congress, they listened and understood. Seven hundred teachers under the influence of inspiring teachers in the comely buildings of Straight University, the graceful welcome and inspiring prayer of Pastor Demond, the singing of the gifted choir and the greeting of choice free souls, convinced me that "the world do move." The story of our dear A. M. A. is not like the Arizona mirage which deceived me and every passenger in our car, with its bewitching blue waters and fantastic islands, but like the strong current of the swollen Colorado moves on the progress of humanity and the cause of God. South Carolina in her rage would have tumbled to the ground the granite pedestal upholding the equestrian statue of Andrew Jackson. There was cosmopolitan courage enough in New Orleans to leave it. Its inspiring prophecy has been fulfilled, "The Union must and shall be preserved." You can read what papers you please in New Orleans. The Oberlin postmaster does not blur the postmark any more to save his friends from insult. They have not risen to Roosevelt's noble motto yet, "Every man up! No man down!" But every man's day is dawning!

A SYMPOSIUM ON CHRISTIAN UNITY.

Dr. Hillis' Views.

A few weeks ago the Rev. Dr. Hillis of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, preached a sermon in which he said to young men: "You stand at the threshold of a new era, the time is coming for which your fathers longed and died without seeing—the epoch of church unity. Instead of half a dozen little churches in the city of 5,000 people, you are going to see one splendid union church, with the noblest architecture, with every equipment that makes for social happiness into which will come all the people of community who have the gift of song. With 3 pastors in one great church, instead of six men in as many little ones. With one preacher free to give on Sunday morning the result of his deepest and best thought and research, and another preacher in the same church Sunday night to speak on the great Christian themes of the age, and another having charge of the great Bible school in the afternoon. And the three preachers having salaries double and treble what have been paid. With the new era will come new influence for the preacher. Slowly the art of public speech is being injured by the precedent of the law. But eloquence will abide in the pulpit, where the great simplicities of life, in connection with God and His providence, and Christ and His immortal love, and deeds of honor and beauty and self-sacrifice still are taught. Other occupations and professions offer you happiness. But I sometimes think that by way of pre-eminence the minister of the next generation is to be the happiest man of his era."

Only a little while before that Dr. Hillis said on the subject of Christian unity: "The young preachers of the country, of all denominations, are thinking of nothing but church unity, are talking of church unity, are preaching about church unity. It is the one theme from Boston to San Francisco, save only in the Southern States. The two great words in the church are soon to be organization and co-operation. The great business men in the pews are compelling it. When the movement comes the church will again put on her beautiful garments, will become a school of morals, the great social and intellectual and musical center, but chiefly it will be a spiritual center, where the one spirit of God melts all minds and hearts into His divine will.

"But if these principles are sound what hinders the federation of our churches' work? And why are not the congregations grouped? For five years the denominational leaders have been talking about church unity. Do they mean what they say? What if the business men who support the churches in New York and Brooklyn were to send out a call and ask a hundred of the leading preachers of the twenty denominations to come together in New York. Suppose the meeting were held in Carnegie Music Hall, and the 3,000 auditors should form a jury. And suppose one Presbyterian layman should stand up and should say: 'Your Episcopalian Board of Bishops has made a proposition of unity. Are you willing to concede the parity of all the other clergy? Now tell us just exactly what you want us to give up, and then we will make our ministers tell

your Board of Bishops just what they want you to give up.' And suppose a Baptist layman should stand up and say: 'We will give up close communion to you Congregationalists, if you Congregationalists will put in a baptistry in your churches.' And suppose the Methodists should say: 'We will concede your principles as to the will of God and its supremacy if you will concede ours as to the necessity of immediate repentance and a personal religious experience. What do you want us Methodists to give up? And what will you concede to us in return?' At about this point there would be some heart searchings in the conference Nevertheless this is just what the great business men of the country are saying about the churches. These separations explain the decline of church attendance. The reduplication of plants, the wasting of energy, explain the loss of gifts. Man is incurably religious. He loves the church and wants the church. Give him a good excuse and let him feel that Christ's ideal of the church is revered above man's thought of it, and men outside of the church will return to the church. For men know that American society cannot exist without the Christian church."

The Brooklyn Eagle printed what Dr. Hillis said, and then sent out requests for prominent ministers and laymen to express themselves concerning the position and utterances. We give here several of the responses:

Dr. Hamlin's View.

Dr. Teunis S. Hamlin, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of the Covenant, Washington, D. C., thinks Dr. Hillis' vision is bound to be fulfilled. Dr. Hamlin writes:

"Dr. Hillis' vision of one strong, well manned church in the small town now burdened with several competing churches is an alluring one. I believe it is bound to be fulfilled, though probably not so soon as he seems to anticipate. Certainly there are most hopeful signs of reunion among Protestants. More progress has been made within ten years toward sentiments of mutual respect and confidence than in a century preceding. Sensible methods of business economy must come whenever distrust and ruinous competition have sufficiently passed away to allow co-operation. The great movement toward consolidation of business is evidently affecting religious methods, but especially mutual acquaintance among Christians, which has had a marvelous impetus through the mingling of the young of all denominations in Christian Endeavor Societies, Unions, conventions, etc., is having a notable tendency toward Christian union. Almost a generation has now been trained in this beneficent fashion."

President Capen in Sympathy With Dr. Hillis' Views.

Samuel B. Capen, LL.D, President of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions of the Congregational Church, is one of the most prominent and influential laymen in the country. For the reason that he is closely identified with the church life of the land his opinion is valuable. He writes as follows:

"I am very glad to write that I am in sympathy with what Dr. Hillis has said. I have believed for many years that the time would come when we should change our methods, and not weaken ourselves by having so many feeble and dependent churches. We shall do far better service to have fewer churches, have them stronger, with two or three pastors and assistants fitted to do different kinds of work. I take the liberty of inclosing herewith a paragraph from an address which I made some years ago, which bears pretty closely upon the question you are discussing:

"It is one of the greatest criticisms that the world makes upon the Christian Church as a whole, that half a dozen denominations crowd in where half the number would be better, and this unseemly strife is very injurious in its influence. There is too much denominational jealousy, and one fears that some other denomination will get an advantage. Places of real want are neglected because of this over-crowding. It is oftentimes as much a Christian duty to prevent the building of a new church in a community already well supplied, as it is to build a new church in a destitute community.

"Right or wrong, there is a widespread feeling that too much missionary work is being duplicated; that it is often animated by narrow sectarian rather than by the broadest missionary spirit; that there ought to be more co-operation; that when there are two churches at Brownsville, where only one is really needed, and none at all at Jonesville, one of the former ought to be closed for the sake of the latter. The work of all denominations will go on more vigorously when this matter is reviewed and so far as possible remedied."

Another Who Is in Accord.

The Rev. John Britton Clark, formerly of Brooklyn, now pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, Detroit, Mich., writes that he is in hearty accord with the general tenor of Dr. Hillis' prophecy. He says:

"Permit me to say that I am heartily in accord with the general tenor of Dr. Hillis' prophecy, concerning the church of the future. In a sermon preached to my people some two years ago and the same views substantially were expressed and advocated by me. I think that some form of church law will be mutually accepted by which one orthodox church will be protected in its territory from encroachment by new churches which are not needed and lead to unbusinesslike use, or rather misuse, of people and money.

"I hope to see the day when each church, enabled by such security in its own territory, will have a minister who will do the preaching, a minister who will do the parish work, and a trained man of affairs, not a clergyman, who will administer the finances in co-operation with a board of trustees. I hope to see the day when the Sunday School will have a trained and paid superintendent, paid teachers, and a course of study that will teach the Bible historically, teach it as a literature; teach it with reference to the author, occasion, purpose, time and environment of each book; teach it with the ethical and spiritual meaning and bearing of each book. Along such lines which Dr. Hillis suggests and I have merely hinted at, I look for a deep and growing revival of church and Sunday School life."

No Splendid Union Church Without a Splendid Union Spirit.

The Rev. Dr. Robert F. Coyle of Denver, Colo., who was elected Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in America at its recent session in Los Angeles, makes an interesting answer:

"Dr. Hillis' prediction of one splendid union church in a city of 5,000 people, presided over by three pastors, instead of half a dozen little churches ministered to by half a dozen ill-paid preachers is interesting. It strikes

the fancy, if it does not appeal to the reason. Visions of that kind attract attention and start discussion; but with human nature as it is they would seem to be impracticable. It must be evident that there can be no splendid union church without a splendid union spirit out of which to fashion it, and that spirit is not yet apparent. A mere mechanical bringing together of the people of a community for worship and service would accomplish nothing. There would not be cohesiveness enough to hold. When the disposition comes union will take care of itself, and for that disposition we cannot pray too earnestly.

"There can be no doubt, however, that preachers are overtaxed in pulpit preparation. Only a genius can think out and write out two sermons a week that will hold and edify the people. If the evening service is to be maintained in our cities and made worth maintaining, there should be a second preacher to give to it his very best powers. Dr. Hillis' suggestion of one preacher for the morning service, one to take charge of the Bible school, and one for the evening, is ideally perfect. How to realize it is the question. The complications of our modern life will certainly make some new developments along this line necessary if the pulpit is not to lose its power."

Uniting Those Who Agree First.

The Rev. Alexander McKenzie, Congregationalist, of Cambridge, Mass., widely regarded as one of the ablest preachers in the country, gives his idea of the question as follows:

"It is on many accounts to be desired that Christian churches should within their present resources order that the cause for which they exist may be promoted in the most efficient way. It is a singular fact that not even economy, which is so potent everywhere else, has controlling influences in this department of life. It almost seems as if the poorer people are the more bent than ever upon a religious establishment of their own. We shall probably make further advances toward prudent consolidation, but I am less sanguine than many, who see the day of unity near at hand, and who regard the differences among churches as of slight consequence. There are differences which are trifling, but there are also those which are substantial. It takes at least two to make a difference; in this instance the persistence in supporting the differences is quite as great on the one side as on the other. There are serious points of disagreement in regard to faith and practices, and these will not be settled by compromise. To weaken the convictions of both sides for the sake of unity would produce the weaker body, whose influence must needs be less than was that of the two vigorous bodies which have yielded up their strength.

"But there is no reason why churches which have the same religious belief, and whose methods are essentially the same, should not be set in a complete union. Variations in forms and names should not hinder this. We cannot afford to waste money as we are now doing. We cannot afford this irrational multiplying of societies for doing the same work, all of which are impoverished through the senseless extravagance of multiplication. It might be well that the uniting of those who differ should supersede by the uniting of those who agree.

"While all this is true, it is to be gratefully recognized that the day of controversy has passed, and that the churches are dwelling together in mutual respect, and together bearing witness to vital truths of belief and life, and that in various forms of useful work they are joining hearts and hands. There are many things for which we should rejoice with hope.

"Yes, I may express my conviction that the nominal unity which is procured by the sacrifice or concealment of any important truth or principle is purchased at too great a price. With all respect for the intelligence and virtue of those from whom I differ, in all charity and good will I must believe that the best contribution which I can make to the united efficiency of the churches of Christ will be in the best presentation I can make of the truths which He taught, in the Truth which He is."

The Church of the Future.

The Rev. Thomas Reed Bridges, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Newark, N. J., treated at some length in a recent sermon, the "church trust" idea, and he sent this as his answer to the Eagle's inquiry:

"It is not my purpose today to view church union in its world-wide aspect so much as here at home. The evil of sectarianism is one which we have inherited, and our problem is to get rid of its pernicious effect. I am persuaded that the church in the United States is by no means exerting the influence which belongs to it, or is demanded of it. The trouble is quite largely a matter of organization, which can be and ought to be remedied.

"The trouble of which I speak is most apparent in our villages. In riding across the country the first thing we see when we approach a thriving town is the forest of church spires. The foreigner is always surprised when he counts them, for he finds more churches in one of our villages than in many of the large cities of Europe. Towns of half a thousand people almost always contain three or four meeting houses. If the population numbers a thousand there will be from six to nine churches, while in the city that has ten thousand people as many as twenty church edifices may be counted. Our first thought on seeing the forest of spires in our villages prompts an exclamation of gratitude at such evidences of piety. We naturally conclude that religion must be in a most flourishing state in these communities, and we are led to amend the memorable remark of Jesus and say, 'The harvest truly is great and the laborers are many.' But when we look beneath the surface we find that the state of religion calls for feelings of sadness rather than for feelings of gratitude. These churches were not built to minister to the needs of the people, but to perpetuate some theological idea. The dogmatic spirit in religion gave them birth. One stands for immersion, as the only true baptism, another for independence of the local congregation, as the New Testament pattern of a church, another for election taught by Calvin, while his neighbor builds a church and rallies a handful to proclaim that grace is free, as taught by John Wesley. Beneath the theological differences are petty rivalries, family feuds and partisan hatreds.

"Results—A sad lack of social unity in the village; a poor kind of gospel is preached, mostly doctrines in an inefficient way because no single church is able to pay for a capable and educated man. The whole effort of each is directed to paying expenses. It is a good year when, by suppers and fairs and much begging, no debt accumulates. The situation is somewhat better in our cities because of the decay of the dogmatic spirit. We do not preach against each other and thus generate

bitterness and dissension. The older people have forgotten, the younger never learned, the peculiar dogmas their denomination used to fight for so strenuously. But we have inherited the weakness of sectarianism, in that we have different ecclesiastical organizations for each denomination, and we have a multiplicity of individual churches. What do I mean by calling this a weakness?

"If the church is to succeed in holding its appointed place in the forefront of the higher life of the city it must learn something from the methods of modern business, viz., it must learn to eliminate waste by co-operation and consolidation. The small and independent business has had its day. Its method of manufacturing and distributing the products of industry has been found too costly, and all energies are now bent to its complete elimination. But while business has been passing through this revolutionary change, the church remains what it has been for three hundred years. Its machinery is antiquated, its methods are no longer adequate. The wisdom of the children of light is not to be compared with the wisdom of the children of this world.

"The church of the future, then, what is it to be like? Its message is to be the same, the proclamation of that gospel which is the power of God and the wisdom of God. But dogmatic insistence on metaphysical distinction in creed—out of which the sects have grown—is to be heard no more. We are to have a practical church union, such as existed in the apostolic church, that for which St. Paul argued, and the Lord himself fervently prayed. If we continue to retain our denominational names it will be for convenience only, and not to mark any fundamental difference.

"We will certainly have fewer churches, but they will be much larger and stronger in every way. The pastoral force in each church will consist of half a dozen or more workers, men and women. The ratio of church expense to benevolence, which is now about four to one, will be reversed, and out of each $500 contributed by the people $400 will be spent in the progress of the kingdom outside the individual church.

"This is no idle dream which I am setting before you. In large measure it has already been realized in a few churches in the largest cities. The Episcopal Church in New York presents several notable successes. If you will study the year-books, several hundred pages in size, of Grace church, St. George's and St. Bartholomew's, you will see the truth of what I say. It is well known that the Presbyterian church in New York has been losing ground for ten or fifteen years. In the same period the Episcopal Church has been advancing by leaps and bounds. As I understand the situation one organization is modern and the other antiquated. There is as much piety and zeal among the Presbyterians, but not so much worldly wisdom.

"There is no greater problem before the church today than the problem of practical church union. There can be no general progress while the present methods prevail. Congregations in favored sections will grow, but at the expense of others, and the total net result will be loss, not gain. But the problem is not insoluble. It was insoluble so long as a bitter sectarian spirit was alive, but now that spirit is everywhere dying out. Thus the greatest barrier has been removed. What we need now is to awaken the church to the hopelessness of the present methods, that all may unite to bring about the needed change. It will come; in fact, it is already coming—and we who love the Lord must place no obstacles in its way. By all the power in our command, and with all the means at our disposal, let us earnestly endeavor to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace, remembering that we are one body and one spirit, that we have one Lord, one faith, one baptism, and one God and Father over us all."

BUILDING A CHRISTIAN.

Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

"I never let fools or bairns see my work until it is done," said a famous Scotch painter; he knew that no production of human art could be rightly judged until it was completed. I remember that when I first saw Cologne Cathedral nearly fifty years ago, it had a stumpy and unimpressive appearance, for it was towerless. The next time I saw the edifice it was disfigured by scaffolds on which the workmen were busy. But when, in the summer of 1894, I beheld the completed towers in their flashing splendor, I felt it was a mighty and magnificent poem written in marble.

That illustrates the way in which the Master builds a true Christian. The Bible declares that the Christian is "Christ's workmanship created anew unto good works." Anyone who looked at a company of church members in a prayer-meeting or at a sacramental table might say that some of them were quite imperfect specimens of workmanship, as he could testify from intimate acquaintance. Very true; but if that same person wished to purchase a melodeon he would not go into the manufactory where the different parts were being fashioned; he would go into the salesroom and inspect the completed instrument. This world is the great workshop in which Jesus Christ by his Spirit constructs Christian character. "Ye are God's building" wrote the Apostle Paul to his brethren at Corinth. Of himself he wrote at another time, "Not as though I have already attained, either one already perfect." He was still in the hands of his divine and loving architect. The scaffoldings were not yet taken down, and the work of grace was not yet completed.

It is easy to discover some flaws in even the best men and women; but the critic must consider what materials our Master has to work with in frail and fallen human nature, so often disfigured and defaced by innate depravity. Napoleon used to say that "he had to make his marshals out of mud." Certainly no power less than the Holy Spirit could have constructed such a conscientious and effective Christian as John Newton out of so hardened and desperate a sinner. A very eloquent and spiritually-minded minister once said to me, "Before I was converted I wonder how anyone could live in the house with me." During my forty-four years of pastorates, when I received converts into the church I often recognized the fact that one candidate for membership had been reared in a frivolous and worldly family—and another had a naturally violent temper—and another was constitutionally timid and irresolute—and still another had to contend with hereditary sensualities of temperament or practice. Some of the over-hasty and headlong had to be held back and tested and some desponding doubters had to be encouraged. A study of the experience of our blessed Lord in building twelve disciples out of the material that came to his hand is full of solemn suggestions, and one of those twelve tumbled into ruin under the very eyes of the Master Builder!

Character building is like cathedral-building—a gradual process. No Christian is born full grown, else

there would be no sense in the divine injunction to "grow in grace" and to "press towards the goal of the high calling of God in Jesus Christ." The corner-stone of every truly regenerated character is the Lord Jesus; other foundation can no one build on without risking a wreck in this world, and eternal ruin in the next world. The first act of the saving faith is the joining of the new convert to the atoning Savior. Then upon that solid foundation must be added the courage, the meekness, the patience, the conscientiousness, honesty, the loving kindness and the other graces that make for godliness. Let no young beginner be disheartened. Oaks do not grow like hollyhocks. A solid Christian character cannot be reared in a day—nor is it to be done by Sabbath services or by sacraments. Some poor pumice-stone has to be thrown out, and not a little bad timber rejected in spite of the varnish on it.

The Bible is the only plumb-line to build by, and it must be used constantly. All the showy ornamentation that a man can put on his edifice amounts to nothing, if his walls are not perpendicular. Some times we see a flimsy structure whose bulging walls are shored up by props and skids to keep them from tumbling into the street. I am afraid that there are thousands of reputations in trade, in politics, in social life, and even in church life that are shored up by various devices. No Christian can defy God's inexorable law of gravitation. It is a mere question of time how soon every character will "fall in," if it is not based on the rock, and built according to Jesus-Christ's plumb-line. It may go down in this world; it is sure to go down in the next. Let every one, therefore, take heed how he or she buildeth; for the last great day will test the work, of what sort it is.

Finally, let us all bear in mind that if we are Christ's workmanship, we must let our wise and loving Master take his own way. We must allow him to use his own tools. Oh, how much cutting and chiseling we often need! How keen,too,and sharp is the chisel which he sometimes uses! The sound of his hammer is constantly heard; and with it are often heard the wondering cries of some sufferer who exclaims, "Why art thou applying to me the file, the saw and the hammers?" Be still and know that whom he loveth he chasteneth! If we are Christ's building, then let him fashion us according to his divine ideal of beauty, at whatever cost to our selfishness or pride, or indolence, or vain glory. Christ working in us, and upon us—and we working with Christ and for him—that is the process that produces such structures as he will present before his Father and the holy angels.

Nothing is too small—and nothing is too great, that involves a Christian's influence before a sharp-eyed world. We are to be his witnesses; Jesus Christ builds Christians to be looked at and to be studied. He rears us to be spiritual lighthouses in a sin-darkened world. Michael Angelo said that he "carved for eternity." In an infinitely higher sense is every blood-redeemed Christian carved and fashioned and upbuilt to be a habitation of God through his Spirit, to his praise, and unto his everlasting glory.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

We are dependent upon Jesus for life, as the branch gets its life from the vine. That we remember. But Jesus is dependent on us for fruit, as the vine bears fruit only through the branches. That truth of the parable we too often forget.

Power is gained secretly, but is trained openly.

THE TRUE STAR IN THE EAST.

A. F. Schauffler, D.D.

By "East" we mean Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and Asia Minor. Time was when these lands were, for the most part, sunk in the darkness of gross idolatry. Palestine alone had any knowledge of the worship of the One True God. In later centuries time came when these lands were bathed in the light of a pure Christianity, the result of the faithful preaching of the apostles. In these late days, these same lands have lost the light of truth. In Palestine, Syria and Asia Minor, the Crescent has supplanted the Cross, and the Mohammedan religion prevails, while such Christianity as still remains is of a low type, and is sunk in much superstition. In Egypt, though it has passed from under the control of the unspeakable Turk, there is still much ignorance of the truth, and the Mohammedan still counts millions of adherents. Yet it was in that same East that the Star of Bethlehem shone, and from little Palestine the world received more of divine truth than from all the rest of the world put together. To the thoughtful mind these facts are inexpressibly sad, and one cannot help asking the question whether the East is altogether decadent, or whether there is still hope of a brighter future. Is Egypt only the land of decaying tombs and temples, of ignorant fellaheen, and equally ignorant Copts? Has Palestine no future before it excepting a repetition of wretched mud villages, and bare hillsides, inhabited by superstitious and debased natives? Must the land of the Seven Churches ever be under the whip of the Turkish tax-gatherer? These are serious questions, which press themselves on the attention of every traveler in the hoary East. In replying to these queries, we confess that we are among the number of those who think that the true Star in the East has not set permanantly. It will raise again, with healing in its wings. Night will pass, and the morning again dawn. He who travels in those lands, and keeps his eyes open to the signs of the better day coming, will see many tokens of promise. In Egypt the conspicuous things that demand attention are mosques, the pyramids, the sphinxes. But that which has more of significance than all of these taken together, is the mission work which finds centers in Cairo, Assiout, Assuan, and elsewhere in that land of the Pharaohs. The gigantic monuments of Egypt tell of the past, but its mission schools give promise of brighter future. Not in vain has Protestant Christianity been planted in the land of Ham. If the Bible is better than the Koran, and if Christ is grander than Mohammed, then the future of that land lies in the larger proclamation of the truth, of which we see the sign and potent promise in the work of the missionary.

How vividly we realized one day where the true Star in the East is to be found, as we were journeying on horseback through the Holy Land. Poverty, sickness we had seen on every hand. One of the dangers that all travelers must encounter in that land arises from the lack of physicians. As we were nearing the head-waters of the Jordan we saw ahead of us a couple of lonely travelers. Drawing nearer, we soon discovered that they were an American missionary and his sister, who was a physician. Dismounting, we held sweet converse with them, and found that they were on a tour of the land, passing over the very paths that had been trodden by the feet of the Nazarene on his errands of mercy. From village to village and Bedouin camp to camp they went, preaching and healing the sick,

just as did their Master. And all this service was without money and without price. How great a blessing to the sick and the ignorant, the ministration of this brother and sister were, no tongue can tell. "Here," we said, "is the true Star in the East, and from these consecrated persons we see rays of light divine shining." As missionaries like these pass through the land it may be said of the inhabitants that "the people that sit in darkness see a great light."

Encamped by the sea of Galilee, just under the walls of Tiberias, we looked out over the moonlit surface of the lake. There, we thought, our blessed Lord stilled the tumultuous waves, and on its shores his voice sounded forth the message of salvation. The Master has long since gone, but here on this very spot are his followers, for in the dark Tiberias there stands the hospital that the missionary has built, and tonight it is full of those to whose healing the nurse is ministering, in the name of that same blessed Master. The same divine truth of the love of God is proclaimed to the lost, that he proclaimed centuries ago. And as we realized these truths, it seemed as though here again we saw a ray of the true Star in the East, that portended the coming of a glad day.

Nazareth nestles among the Galilean hills as it did in the days of the childhood of Mary's Son, and still in spring-time its hills are radiant with the lilies of the field. But today the brightest spot in Nazareth is found in the Orphanage, established by the ubiquitous missionary. To visit it and hear the orphans sing of their divine Lord and Master, is to realize as never before that the hope of the world still streams from the same blessed personality. In those days long gone by he was the light of the world, and in these days, if the weary world is to rejoice in true light, it must come to him as it did then.

The Mediterranean has three noble bays, the Bay of Naples, the Bay of Algiers, and the Bay of Beirut. Beautiful for situation is this latter ancient town, sheltering itself under the mighty snow-clad heights of the lofty Suneen. But here the grandest sight that can be seen, is not the glories of nature, but the triumphs of grace, for here stands the American College, and the blessed Hospital of the Kaiserwerth Deaconesses. These are light spots, whose radiance permeates the whole of the district of Lebanon, so that the inhabitants thereof dwell in the light of their beneficent influence. Hither come the young men to be educated, and hither come the sick to be healed, and hence they return to their homes to sing the praises of the institutions that true Christianity has planted in this ancient land.

If the bays of Naples, of Algiers and of Beirut are bewitching in their beauty, they must all yield the palm to the Bosphorus, in its power to enchant the lover of nature. Here is the true paradise of the modern world, unsurpassed and unsurpassable. Here sits Constantinople, the queen city of the East. But here, while the mosque of St. Sophia speaks of an ancient and decadent Greek church, and at the same time of a modern and corrupt Mohammedan faith, the American College on the banks of the Bosphorus, speaks of a nascent and vigorous Protestantism that holds the truth in love. A brighter spot in all the East cannot be found, nor one more full of promise for the future. Here the boys of some fifteen nationalities are being educated in the principles of religion, and in preparation for lives of usefulness for their various races. Hence stream rays of pure light all over the decrepit East, that make the desert place to rejoice. Yes, the longer we dwell on such manifestations of the spirit of the Master as are displayed in his humble followers, the more convinced are we that the true Star in the East is to be found in the missionary work that is being prosecuted in those lands. In Smyrna, in Tarsus, on the ancient river, even the river Euphrates, as well as in the mountains of the Tarsus, the morning star is slowly rising, and its light is making glad the waste places of that ancient East from which originally the light came. Not in political changes or revolutions is hope to be found so much as in the spread of that truth which has ever given liberty to the captive and sight to the blind, and which is the foundation of all that we of the West hold most dear. If ever the East is to awaken from its centuries of deep slumber, it will be when she beholds this light, and rises to welcome it and walk in its brightness.

New York City.

OUR COLLEGE.

We at the North must have felt a thrill of pleasure as we saw the announcement of the daily papers that Dr. D. K. Pearsons had given Pomona College $50,000 to be added to its endowment fund! This is "Our College." We have long since given up the idea of having any college in Northern or Central California. The ground is occupied. This is and is to be "our college." By a great effort the Southern California churches have just united in paying off a debt amounting to $67,000. They did very much as the churches of Northern California several years ago in raising a fund for the Seminary. Some of those old notes are not yet fully paid. Some of our Southern churches have loved the College so much as to undertake $5,000 each as a debt to be paid off with interest! This means very much for they are giving heavily for Home Missions, too. Besides this, many of our church members there are paying tuition fees of fifty and sixty dollars per year into the treasury of Pomona College for each student, and very many individuals have been giving from twenty-five dollars to one thousand and one or two very much more every year to keep Pomona College at work.

I write this to propose to our Northern California General Association that it undertake to place in the hands of President Gates the small gifts of all our churches to the "Congregational Educational Society."

This Society has ceased to aid Pomona College just as the "Congregational Home Missionary Society" has ceased to aid our Northern California churches; and just as all money which our churches were wont to send to the National Society now goes to our own State Society and we are self-supporting, so all our educational money should go to Pomona—not to the National Society.

It is the writer's belief that the "Congregational Educational Society" will permit us to send our annual church collection for educational purposes directly to Pomona and give us credit on its books. The president of our Seminary, Dr. McLean, approves of this plan. Pomona greatly needs it until more endowment funds are secured—now considerably less than $200,000. Every church in our General Association, not now engaged in paying off an old note to the Seminary, should take up some offering every year for the "Congregational Educational Society," and this large number of small gifts ought to make a total of not less than $2,500, and we ought to keep Pomona College before our

churches, thus in order to awaken intelligent interest and prayer for her. She is very worthy. She is good and doing very great good, and the little oil we can pour upon her "hot bearings" will help far more than we dream. Remember her beautiful seal: "Pomona College—Our Tribute to Christian Civilization." That "our" means "us" of the North, for we are California.

C. G. Baldwin.

Palo Alto, July 6th, 1903.

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. W. H. SCUDDER.

Lesson 3. **July 19, 1903.**

Samuel's Farewell Address. I Sam. xii: 13-25.

The lesson committee urges the study of this entire chapter, and advisedly. It is scarcely proper to cut half way into a speech and expect that to do service for the whole. The Ammonitish raid against the Israelites at Jabesh-gilead was the favoring opportunity for the new-made king to assert himself, and the victory established his fitness for leadership. It was amid the rejoicings of people who had found a new strength in the flush of defeating an old foe that Samuel gathered them to Gilgal and formally inaugurated the kingdom. It was a fit occasion for the judge to make a farewell, accordingly he addresses himself to three important matters.

1. A clean record (v. 1-5).

The challenge of these words is sublime. For many years Samuel had occupied the office, which, in point of importance, could only be superseded by that of a king. It may have been the generally known deeds of his sons that called forth the utterance claiming freedom from official oppression, or corruptness, or any injustice in dealings between man and man. Remember the times, for morality was never at a premium among petty officials in the Orient; remember the circumstances, for it is no difficult thing to use an office to secure selfish ends which may be catalogued as honest, but scarcely as honorable. The spoils system originated long before Samuel's time, although it did not cease with his sons. The public opportunity afforded in the challenge was met with a magnificent response (v. 4). No man occupies office without suffering calumny from some quarter. To read some of the papers in the time of the American Revolution, one would suppose that Washington was a most inefficient leader, a veritable traitor in policy, and Samuel may have undergone some of the same warrantless denunciations. But his vindication was complete, ratified by the highest appeal possible, the witness of Jehovah. And is it any less an honor for those in present official positions to leave clean records when they step down and out? Probably none of us know the labyrinth of temptations amid which political office lies. The greed, the influence, the plausibility of professional politicians, the schemes hatched for "the good of the party," the necessities for assured success, and hundreds of other inducements meet the office-holder, often demanding a surrender of his integrity or his conscience. All honor to him of whom friend and foe can say on the termination of an official career, "His record is clean," as the people did of Samuel. Yet we could know it must have been so. The man whose boyhood is a ministering to the Lord in the temple, who takes the friendship of God as the chief concern in his career, who is so near to the eternal that he becomes a Seer, must be a Man of God wherever he is placed. The judgment of the people was but God's vindication of his servant. The voices proclaiming his clean record were but the judgment of God—"Well done, good and faithful servant."

2. Lessons from the past (v. 6-12).

Chief of all was the fundamental fact of the divine dealing. Notice the emphasis Samuel gives to God's action. "It is Jehovah that appointed Moses and Aaron, and that brought your fathers up out of the land of Egypt" (v. 6). That was the one great truth which they needed to keep in view. To remind the people of it was to recall the unwillingness of Moses to assume the leadership, and the special endowments bestowed upon him, from the signs he was to give to Israel and Pharoah, to the inauguration of that system of ceremonies which bound them to Jehovah as their God. It was to remind them of miraculous deliverances, and providential sustainings through years of life in the desert. It was to hold before them a purpose in the divine mind to be consummated only through Israel. It should have impressed them, just as Christ's words to the disciples—John xv: 16: "Ye did not choose me, but I chose you, and appointed you that ye should go and bear fruit, and that your fruit should abide." It makes a vast difference in our minds whether we are selected for a given purpose or select ourselves. It would not be half as glorious for any American to select himself as our embassador to England as for the United States to select him, and send him. It will impress any one acquainted with those who have done great things in Christ's service that their sense of having been selected to accomplish a certain mission or chosen to carry forward an undertaking is very lively, and there is generally an accompanying feeling of unworthiness for the end in view. Is it because we have lost sight of this in a measure that many Christians account their calling so little worth the best they can bring to it? For what did God ordain you when he called you to himself? To what did Christ appoint you when he received your heart as proof of your consecration to him? Let us ring the changes on that thought that they may quicken us to something better than our present Christian life can show.

The next point was to show the results of loyalty and disloyalty to God (v. 9-11). The events brought in illustration showed that disaster followed disloyalty, blessing trod close upon loyalty. It may be asked whether these were the ordinary fortunes of any people that sought its liberty and attempted to make a nation of itself. Yes, but there was an element introduced into Israel's history unknown to any other nation—the element of moral law and allegiance to a living, moral God. Israel had to work out the results of this basic truth in its national life, as we must that of liberty, equality and fraternity in ours. Hence the singular importance of these events, which, common enough in other attempts at nation forming, spent themselves in illuminating only their period of struggle. These events (v. 9-11) were demonstrating the worth of the moral law, and the true character of God. The lesson was not for Israel alone or for that age only. It was universal both as to extent and time. The great national leaders recognized the nature of the historic movement, and sought to make the nation grasp the idea. Read in this connection the farewell addresses of Moses, and Joshua, as well as that of Samuel. Make the application to our own national career, and teach

the coming generation that these truths are as inviolable as they are eternal.

3. Practical precepts for daily life.

(a) Change of circumstances in no wise alters the duty of allegiance to God.

The ability of altered circumstances to substitute new aims and ends in our lives is very little appreciated. It would be better to read the common advice, "Adapt yourself to circumstances," in this way: "Adapt your circumstances to yourselves," that is, having given ends in view, utilize circumstances to accomplish them, and do not allow them to dictate ends to us. John, brought up at home to love church and God's service, goes into the city and seeks employment. He secures a fine position, develops splendid business qualities, and advances to junior member of the firm. His new circumstances have dethroned church and God's service and exalted business as the chief end of his existence. Julia is a promising Endeavorer, capable and earnest, a leader in everything that helps the kingdom of God. She marries a prosperous merchant, and enters a totally changed career. Now her circumstances make society, with its demands as to fashion, pleasure, entertaining, the great object of life. Nothing morally wrong in either of these cases, only a substitution, by circumstances, of the secondary for the first, the lesser for the greater. It is another form of Samuel's warning to Israel. They thought the new king and a centralized government would be the greatest benefaction on earth. Samuel tells them that neither king nor monarchy could be substituted for God and His rule over them, but the new circumstances would tend to make that substitution (v. 13-15). Allegiance to God first and unalterable; how business, pleasure, wealth, position, society, talent and even the difficult and unpalatable circumstances of life could be pressed into service for its achievement. Remember a change of circumstances in no wise alters the duty of allegiance to God. Now, what would you do were a hundred thousand dollars left you tomorrow?

(b) Divine dealings with us should be recognized as educative.

Following on the danger of forgetting their God the seer invoked a visible sign of the divine presence and power, which was given in the thunder-storm so unusual in that season of the year; the wheat harvest being ready toward the end of June or the first of July. But what was the object of such an exhibition? From the trend of the entire narrative there can be no doubt that it was to create a sense of dependence on Jehovah. The storm, coming as it did, was surely calculated to produce such a result. Not only its unusual occurrence, but its coming in answer to Samuel's prayer, and the effect it must have had upon the waiting harvest, wrought a sense of their helplessness to avert a disaster produced by a combination of elements under divine control. Their fear was the avenue through which they were led to this sense of dependence. Thus God was educating this people. Surely, as we stand in the shadow of recent calamities, such as the cloudburst at Heppner, no one need smile at the apparently simple method God employed at Gilgal. It would be well for all to learn thoroughly that such events teach our dependence upon God and the need of committing our ways to Him. Yet this is but one out of a thousand methods whereby God seeks to educate us. It may be through love, or hope, or sorrow, but in some manner there is a constant divine dealing with each person, that seeks to educate us as His children.

(c) God does not turn aside from His purpose because of our weakness, our sins, or even our neglect of Him (v. 22).

Life teaches us the grandeur of Samuel's words, "The Lord will not forsake His people for His great name's sake." Who does not look back to his childhood, particularly in the light of experience with children, and have a sense of profound thankfulness spread through every fibre of his being, that there was some one, teacher, friend, parent, who never deviated from the one determination to make something of the heedless, unappreciative, unthinking youth. Will it be less of a feeling or more, when, standing beyond the events of life, we glance back and discern the patience, the gentleness, the undeviating goodness of our heavenly Father in accomplishing His purpose for us and in us. When out of weakness comes strength, out of blindness comes sight, out of sin comes holiness, out of imperfection comes completeness, we shall join those who sing:

"Shout, ye bright, angelic choir,
Praise the Lamb enthroned above,
While, astonished, I admire
God's free grace and boundless love."

Christian Endeavor Service.

REV. HERBERT N. BEVIER

July 19.

Religion Between Sundays. Acts ii: 42-47.

The force of this is that men ought not only to be right with God and their fellows on Sunday, but Monday and Tuesday and all the rest of the week. The Sabbath is God's day, but it is also man's day, and it benefits man not only by resting his body and mind, but if rightly observed by giving him a fund of moral and spiritual energy to carry him over until the next Sabbath. Man is a spiritual locomotive and the Sabbath days are like the water tanks placed along the tracks of the railroads to furnish a regular supply of that which is to contribute the motor energy. These tanks are not for themselves nor for the particular portion of the road on which they stand, but for the engines and to furnish the means of power all the way between. The Sabbath days are such reservoirs. They are made for man and they help to carry him along the fixed and shining tracks of character one by one until the end. The week was not made for the Sabbath, but the Sabbath was made for the week, for Sundays and between Sundays both and all.

* * *

And the real test is not Sunday but the days between. The test of the locomotive is not when it stands at rest connected with the reservoir, receiving into its tanks the precious water of power. No doubt the rest is as grateful to the atoms and molecules of iron and steel, according to their kind, as to the nerves and muscles of the engineer. No doubt if those grey voices could speak they would express thankfulness at their release from strain. Yet their test is not then nor is that of the great iron horse itself, but afterward, when the throttle is open and the heat is on and the strain and the work between stations with their heavy burden. So the test of Sabbath improvement is our week day life. It is when we are speeding along under full

pressure, tugging at our loads, rounding our sharp curves, turning into sidings, watching for red lights at night, and when we are running over perilous ravines and canyons, and then sometimes we are compelled to reverse engines and take back track to avoid collision or take a new start. The week's work is the testing time and it is by that work we are judged.

* * *

The disciples of the early church measured up to this standard well. They were steadfast in doctrine and in fellow-ship life. They lived a mutually helpful life. "had all things common." They lived benevolent and altruistic lives, "they sold their possessions and goods and parted them to all men as every man had need." They praised God and had favor with all the people and the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved. We have in this a picture in broad outlines of a true and righteous Christian life every day. It is an ideal lifted up by divine inspiration for universal imitation. Every detail may not be practical in every life, but the principles that undergird it, the atmosphere and spirit of it, who can improve on them. To live our earthly lives in "fellowship," to be steadfast in doctrine and life, to be unselfish and co-operative in relations with others. To lead our lives in gladness and singleness of heart. To praise God and be useful to others in saving and helpful ministries. Is there any better way to be and to do between Sundays than this?

* * *

In the respect of practical living there should be no difference between the days. The man who is religious on Sunday and worldly on Monday, how dwelleth the love of God in him? The man who chants the "hallowed be thy name" and then makes the air smoky with profanity the next, who prays "thy kingdom come" and then when asked refuses to give one dime to advance it or one hour to spread it, who says "thy will be done" and then says all week in effect, "I'll have my own at any cost," and who adds, "lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil" and then plunges into one and deliberately chooses the other, has entirely misunderstood the meaning of Sunday. Faith without works is dead. "Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." There is no argument for the Christian profession like the faithful and consistent practice of a Christian life. Not so and so's preaching, but such and such an one's practicing has led the most people into the kingdom. Nor does this detract anything from the value of preaching as a means of saving souls, for there is no true preaching without a true life behind it.

* * *

If Christian men do not live sweeter and braver lives, do not pay their honest debts better, are not more careful, painstaking, thorough in what they do, if they are not more kindly, generous, helpful, than others, there is something wrong. Their mettle is not sound and true. If Sunday only makes Sunday, then Sunday is not Sunday in any soul. Sunday should be to the week what the morning prayer is to the day, what the reading of the Bible is to the day—the setter of its keynote, which should reappear in all the chords of the week, major and minor, dominant and sub-dominant and chord of the seventh. In grave as well as gay. In song, in march, in dirge, that wonderful key of love which includes all justice and mercy, which enriches all relations both to God and to fellowmen and which in Prof. Drummond's beautiful figure expands into a glorious spectrum of all the Christian graces or to harmonize with the thought of music enriches all the melodious moods of a full written psalm of life. In "Locksley Hall" Tennyson gives a glimpse of the higher truth of what life between Sundays should be when he says:

"Love took up the harp of life and smote on all the chords with might,
Smote the chord of self that trembling passed in music out of sight."

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

Extracts from a Letter from Mrs. Dorward.

Adams Missionary Station, April 29, 1903.

As I write the Mission is in session. This is a special meeting in preparation for the coming deputation. In the short time they are giving us it is most difficult to know just how to arrange matters, so that the most important questions shall be brought before them in the most concise form.

Great regret is felt that Dr. Smith and his wife are not able to come. It will be much more difficult for any one else to understand the situation and give the wise counsel needed just at this time.

This has been a terrible year for locusts. For weeks the women had to fight them, so that the Tuesday meeting has been very slimly attended. However, there has always been two at least, enough to claim the promise of His presence. I am sure He was there, for we were helped, and not discouraged. The locusts and the drought have done their work, and the harvesting will be a sad time. They probably never worked harder, and got less. They look old and careworn. Poor things, their life is a hard one.

Nine girls have come to me from different places on the station during this term of school, to be dressed and sent to some school. The two that came this week I did not send—for three reasons: One of the two had bad sores, and I did not think it was wise to pack her in with a lot of others. Then I had no more large dresses. And lastly, the term was over half gone. The last dresses I have been using came from California. It always hurts when I have to send these girls away. I ask myself, "Were they making one last struggle to come out of their darkness, and by sending them back to their homes did I take away all desire to try again?" And so it goes over and over in my mind. A few days after those girls who came last had been here a woman came seeking them; evidently they had not gone home. Where are they? I fear they have gone into town. Even the heathen do not like to have their children, girls especially, go to town.

* * *

I could use a few picture cards, also primary lessons and cards by Lucy Wheelock. What is used in California for the children is desired. I also want something nice for these young men and women in my Sabbath School class.

With loving greetings to all who remember us in prayer. Yours in His service, Florence Dorward.

God has been "the making" of us, and is entitled to expect gratitude and devotion of us. Yet some earthly benefactor is oftener in our minds, and to his wish more deference is paid than to our Maker's will.

Church News.

California.

San Francisco, Fourth.—Three united with this church July 5th, two on confession.

Glen Ellen.—The Boys' Club has just added dumb bells and Indian clubs to their gymnasium apparatus and classes meet every Wednesday night.

Oroville.—Rev. Richard K. Ham, lately of Whatcom, Washington, has accepted a call for the summer to the church in Oroville with a view to a permanent engagement. Mr. Ham has but recently returned from a visit to the Eastern States, where he has been since last January.

Kenwood.—The Boys' Club now numbers forty in membership. Gymnasium classes are held on Thursday evening. The Sunday School report for the quarter is encouraging. Nineteen scholars out of forty-three enrolled had perfect attendance. The pastor is now on his summer vacation.

Oakland, Plymouth Avenue.—Notwithstanding the vacation season is with us in full force, our audiences are growing all the time. Three members—one by letter and two on confession of faith—were received July 5th, making ten received since January 1st. The outlook for a strong church in this part of Oakland was never better.

Pasadena, First.—Three members were received into the church last Sunday, two by confession. As has been the case during past summers, the evening preaching service has been discontinued for the season, and the C. E. meeting takes the form of a twilight service, to which all are invited. The C. E. Society has started on its summer campaign with fresh hope and zeal, and with a reinforcement of twenty-five new members at a recent meeting. Sixty dollars represents the amount of the Children's Day offering for the C. S. S. and P. S.

Fruitvale.—Miss Emily S. Hartwell of Foochow, China, spoke in costume in the morning. Her talk was illustrated by various objects brought with her, among which were some idols which had been worshipped, but which were presented her when the former worshippers became Christians. Miss Hartwell is on her way to the International Christian Endeavor Convention at Denver as a delegate from the C. E. Societies of China. Communion service was held in the evening. An unusual percentage of the membership of the church was present, and the holy hush of the Master's presence was felt. Two young men of the Cadet Corps united with the church on profession. Mrs. Charles Dingley sang most impressively, "In the Secret of His Presence." During the afternoon the communion was administered to an invalid member at her own house.

Washington.

Sprague.—The people of the church and community have been enjoying lectures and sermons by Professor R. R. Lloyd, D.D. It is hoped that he may soon return to this State and hold special services in different churches. The church influence is being more and more felt under the pastorate of Rev. G. H. Wilson.

Kirkland.—For the first time in several years the Sunday School held a successful Children's Day exercise. Promptly at 11 o'clock the children formed in line and marched from the Sunday School room into the church, keeping step to the song, "Onward Christian Soldiers." When they appeared the audience rose and joined in the song. The children remained standing until the invocation was offered. The pastor, Rev. J. Morgan Lewis, gave a ten minutes' talk, and the pastor's wife told the children an interesting story. Every child brought an offering, and the collection was the largest for years.

Notes and Personals.

Paul Merrill, son of Rev. C. W. Merrill of Saratoga, joined the Saratoga Church Sunday.

The Rev. B. F. Boller, formerly of Cleveland, Ohio, has begun his work as pastor of the Olivet Church, Los Angeles.

Rev. E. S. Williams has returned home after visiting Oberlin, Berea, Clifton Springs, Mackinac Island and other Eastern points.

The church at Cloverdale is encouraged by larger congregations. Three were received into membership on Sunday by letter.

Rev. J. K. McLean, D.D., President of the Pacific Theological Seminary, has been appointed one of the members of the State Board of Charities and Corrections.

M. S. Woodham and wife, formerly identified with the First Church, San Francisco, are now residents of Eureka, and entering heartily into the work under the enthusiastic leadership of Rev. Franklin Baker.

Rev. William Faries, M. D., of Minneapolis, long time a missionary of the Presbyterian Board in China, has landed in Seattle, out of health, and with his family comes to occupy President Fuller's house at Saratoga.

Rev. George B. Hatch, formerly pastor of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley, has left with his family for the East. He will supply the pulpit of the Congregational Church of Three Oaks, Mich., for the summer months.

Rev. and Mrs. Leland D. Rathbone of Santa Rosa were given a pleasant surprise by the members of the Congregational Church, Wednesday evening, July 1st. The occasion was the celebration of a double anniversary, that of the marriage of Rev. and Mrs. Rathbone, and of their coming to Santa Rosa, when Rev. Rathbone took charge of the church as pastor.

Father Huntington, upwards of ninety years of age, abides at the home of his son-in-law, Hon. A. J. Monroe of Eureka. Mr. Huntington, shut off somewhat from the world by his deafness, looks apparently well and good for several more years of earthly sojourn; is interested in the work of the churches, reading carefully every week the The Pacific. He gives a hearty welcome to visiting brethren.

Rev. G. A. Jasper, who built several churches in Humboldt County, finding the support inadequate in the ministry for his growing family, has ventured into the journalistic field, and is now owner of the Humboldt Beacon at Fortuna. He reports over 1,300 subscribers, the largest circulation of any weekly in the county outside of Eureka. Brother Jasper thoroughly enjoys the work, finds it remunerative, looks well, and cherishes a warm place in his heart for Congregationalism. Just

now necessity requires attendance upon a Methodist Church.

The ministers of San Francisco and vicinity gave a hearty welcome at their Monday meeting to Rev. S. E. Persons, D.D., of Cazenovia, N. Y. He gave an earnest address on the special mission of the minister. While in accord with the theological tendencies of the time he believed that as ministers, we should above all be ministers of the gospel, and seek to bring God close to the people. Our mission is to make God, and sin, and redemption real. The addition of twenty-five members, among them many young men, to the First Church, Dr. Adams was reported. Rev. William H. Atkinson of San Rafael was announced to speak next Monday morning.

Rev. William Gordon, for ten years resident in Humboldt County, and pastor of several of our churches there, is spending his declining years with his son in Eureka. Though in recent months, not being in the best of health, his aggressive spirit of work asserts itself, and his delight is to find virgin soil and there sow the seed of truth. Just now he is interesting himself in Samoa, across the bay from Eureka. The large saw-mill there attracts a goodly population, and Brother Gordon finds delight in carrying on a Sunday School and preaching as he is able. On the last Sunday night of June he spoke to a good sized congregation in the school-house. The saw-mill company is about finishing a very attractive hall, and the hope is services may soon be held there. Mr. Gordon, glad as he is to do such work, would be pleased could he resign his charge that some young man and efficient Congregational pastor might enter heartily this field of labor. Coupled with another point, say Elk River, he thinks much good could be accomplished for our Congregational Zion, and hence the kingdom of Christ.

Oregon Letter

George H. Himes.

Rev. Edward Curran of Forest Grove spent two weeks in assisting sufferers from the cloudburst at Heppner on the 14th ult. He reports that all left alive are plucky and determined to rebuild as rapidly as their ability will permit. Precaution will be taken to avoid the possibility of such a disaster being repeated.

The Congregational Church at Lexington was damaged considerably. Not less than $250 will be required to place it in the condition it was before the flood. The First Church of this city took a collection today to assist in relieving the wrecked church.

For a good while past interested parties have been endeavoring to secure the establishment of one or more saloons at Forest Grove. A month ago a temperance campaign was begun, and the question of saloons discussed from many points of view. The authorities of Pacific University and the better element among the citizens of the beautiful town have opposed the saloon idea from the outset, believing that the record of fifty years should not be reversed. The question came to a vote last Wednesday, and those who opposed having saloons won the day by forty-seven majority. The vote stood thus: 111 for saloons and 158 against. But that minority of 111 is altogether too strong—it is a menace which ought to be abated in some way. Every one of that number should be labored with in great kindness of spirit, with the hope that somehow they might be brought to see the error of their ways.

Miss Winifred Marsh, daughter of the late President Marsh of Pacific University, was graduated from Smith College recently with high honors. Her mother is still quite feeble, but seems to be slowly gaining strength.

The pioneer lady who named Forest Grove in 1850—Mrs. Rosannah Lancaster—died a few weeks since at her home on Bachelor Island, in the Columbia River, at the age of eighty-six years. She came to Oregon in 1847.

On the 14th of this month the Willamette Valley Chautauqua Association will hold its tenth annual meeting, and continue for thirteen days. Among the eminent speakers who will be present are the following: Hon. J. P. Dolliver, United States Senator from Iowa, Hon. Champ Clark of Missouri, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Burdette of California, Hon. J. H. Mitchell, United States Senator from Oregon, and Rev. Dr. J. W. Brougher of Chattanooga, Tenn. In addition the principal clergymen of Oregon will take part in the exercises. The site of Gladstone Park, the home of the Chautauqua, is an ideal one. It consists of seventy-five acres of beautiful woodland, upon which an almost infinite variety of trees are growing in great luxuriance, in fact it is a natural park, more beautiful than can be fashioned by the hand of man. Alongside rushes a wild mountain stream, direct from the snowy summits of the Cascade range, taking its first impulse of being in the rugged fastnesses of Mount Jefferson, and receiving constant additions along its sinuous descent toward the beautiful Willamette River from multitudes of springs, rivulets and creeks. From this stream—the Clackamas River—an abundance of pure, wholesome water, as good as the earth affords, is supplied for household use and drinking purposes, and so making the park an ideal camping ground during the continuance of the sessions.

Portland intended having an elaborate Fourth of July celebration, and several thousands of dollars were raised with that end in view; but when the Heppner horror came it was felt by many that the fund raised should be expended in relieving the sufferers. Soon a public meeting was held, and after due consideration the celebration was abandoned, and all the money, save that necessary to pay such bills as might have already been incurred, was added to the relief fund.

Rev. J. Lee Mitchell, Ph. D., of Attleboro, Mass. has now supplied the pulpit of the First Church of this city for one month most acceptably. He has shown himself to be a strong preacher, practical, pointed and pungent, and very much inclined to call things by their right names. He is boiling over with energy, and is certain to be a positive force for righteousness in the community which he serves. He will be with this church one more Sunday. Dr. House will be in his accustomed place on the 19th. On his way Westward he will stop at Denver to the Y. P. S. C. E. Convention, at which he is one of the speakers.

In common with thousands of others I want to say, in the words of another, that a "noisy, perilous, powder-burning and property-destroying Fourth of July is not becoming to our civilization. There is nothing in it that tends to better citizenship. It affords no inspiration of genuine patriotism, and is largely a failure as a celebration of a natal day." The day ought to be celebrated in a becoming manner, befitting its significance, and serve as an object lesson to foreign born citizens in the meaning of our institutions, and kindle anew the fires of patriotism in the heart of every native born American.

This city is soon to lose one of its most efficient and

consecrated ministers in the person of Rev. Alexander Blackburn of the First Baptist Church, who has resigned his pastorate, to take effect at the close of his fifth year here, which will be in November next. A personal acquaintance with Dr. Blackburn almost from his arrival in Portland, has led the writer to esteem very highly, and to deeply regret that he feels that he ought to seek another field of labor.

This community has lost during the past week a merchant whose career here is almost contemporaneous with the life of the city, Joseph A. Strawbridge, who died last Tuesday evening after an illness of an hour. He came to Portland in 1852 without other equipment than an academic education and a willingness to work at some honorable employment. Soon after arriving a position as a barkeeper was offered him at a highly lucrative wage, but the young man had strength of character enough to refuse the tempting offer, and he lived to see the day when the man who offered him the place came to him and said, "Jo, you never did a better thing for yourself than when you refused my offer, but I did not see things that way then." For a number of years Mr. Strawbridge was in the commission business, handling large quantities of fruit. At length he became a wholesale dealer in boots and shoes, and later a leather merchant. This was his business at the time of his death. For many years he was a trustee of the First Congregational Church, and always liberal in his financial support and regular in attendance, notwithstanding the way never seemed to open for him to make a public profession and unite himself vitally with the church.

Portland, July 5, 1903.

THIS IS HOW THEY RISE.

A young woman recently found employment in a queensware store. She immediately began a course of study in her leisure moments upon glassware and china. She then read some recent works upon the appointments of the table, and in a short time, by applying herself to her business, became the most valued employe in a large store.

In the millinery establishment the young woman who found time for reading a book or two on colors and their harmonious combination found her own taste greatly improved and her ability to please patrons greater. She was soon a favorite with employers and customers.

The young woman who to learn an honorable living went into a lady's kitchen, and instead of gossiping every evening found time to read a few good books and household papers, was soon too valuable a housekeeper to be kept in a subordinate position in the kitchen. She knew how a table should look for a formal dinner; she knew what dishes were in season; she knew how to serve a meal in its proper courses; and more than that she knew something about the food value of different dishes.

A fair average of good sense and proper amount of application will accomplish everything.—Womankind.

The rest of Christ is not that of torpor, but harmony; it is not refusing the struggle, but conquering in it; not resting from duty, but finding rest in duty.—F. W. Robertson.

Did the Climate Do It?

A good deal of sentimentality is being mixed with a very small amount of science to explain the moral obliquity of a young lieutenant, who, returning from the Philippines, halted long enough in San Francisco to win a fair bride, notwithstanding he already had a wife in the East. The papers are now accusing the vertical rays of the sun in Manila with this moral aberration. It has been incidentally shown that this particular military product, with a genius for getting married, is a heavy drinker. Liquor has been known to make fools of people. That generally accepted fact has this exception to its credit: Persons exposed to the vertical rays of the sun in the Philippines and drinking liquor in any quantity, always go crazy from the angle at which the sun's rays strike them. Until this last episode we had always believed that drinking large quantites of liquor make a man a fool in any climate.—California Christian Advocate

STRANGERS AT CHURCH.

Several years ago two strangers, well-dressed young men, entered a church in a small town and seated themselves in an empty pew. Presently an elderly woman, the owner of the pew, came to the door and motioned to them to come out until she could pass to the farther end. They were offended at her discourteous manner and marched angrily out of the church, refusing to listen to any invitation to remain.

A few years afterward the queen of Holland, being an invalid, visited the city of Heidelberg, Germany, for medical treatment. While there she went each Sunday to a modest little church, occupying the back seat in order to escape notice.

One day a scholarly-looking man, plainly dressed, came into the church and took a seat near the pulpit. A few minutes later a haughty German woman swept up to the pew, and, seeing a stranger in it, ordered him by an imperious gesture to leave it.

The stranger quickly obeyed, and, going into one of the seats reserved for the poor, joined devoutly in the services. After they were over the lady's friends gathered around her and demanded whether she knew who it was she had treated so rudely.

"No; some pushing stranger," she replied.

"It was King Oscar of Sweden," was the answer. "He is here visiting the queen."

Her mortification may be imagined.

A correspondent who was an eye-witness of both of these scenes, sends the story to us and asks, "Which played the more manly part, the two vain young men or King Oscar?"—Unidentified.

"The law's delay" makes men murmur. A suit-at-law runs through many weary stages before the judge gives final decision. It is better so than to have the man on the street give snap judgment in our favor. Inquiry, balancing of evidence, deliberation, enter into the judge's word. It is thus with God's final awards; He will render righteous judgment. Let us not be hasty to decide our own case; we may be biased, we may not be in possession of all the facts. Leave all in the Just Judge's hands.

A recent examination of the moon's motion has led to the conclusion that Newton's law of universal gravitation falls short of absolute accuracy by one millionth of one per cent. No other physical law, it is said, has ever been expressed with anything like the precision of Newton's famous statement.. If we enter the world of moral law, we hear a voice saying, "The law of the Lord is perfect." No deviation here. Theory and fact, without a hair's breadth of divergence, keep even pace.

Needless self-sacrifice inherits no crown.

A Famous Autumn Ride.

The autumn of 1781 had arrived in the history of the long-protracted war of the American Revolution that had opened one April morning on the common of a Massachusetts village, Lexington, 1775, and here it was 1781, and the end of the chapter not written. When would it be finished? However, it did seem as if a decisive battle was about to be fought that autumn, and then the tidings would be quickly borne away, but declaring what—weal or woe for the American arms, and who would bear the message?

The battle threat was given down in Virginia. On the southern banks of the York river, at Yorktown, was Lord Cornwallis with a British army. On the opposite bank, at Gloucester Point, was a small body of British soldiers, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Tarleton. These are all British names in a state named after a British Queen, and one might have hoped the British would have felt at home. A few miles away was a force making them feel anything but at home. It was a body over which our Gen. Washington had placed that brave Frenchman, La Fayette. Washington, in this hour of need, was hurrying down towards Virginia, American and French troops about him, and if an expected French fleet under Count de Grasse should arrive at the mouth of York river, between all these forces Cornwallis would as surely be boxed up in a trap as ever any weasel or fox or bear could be.

And Oh, happy day, the white sails of the French fleet rose above the blue waters one August day, making one side of the box-trap! In the mellow September day, the American and French troops all massed their columns under Washington, and so the land side of this box-trap was also set in its place. How anxiously Cornwallis must have watched the blue sea, even to the misty horizon, to catch one white canvas signal of the coming of a British fleet to his help! Vessels and soldiers were promised him, and they should have left New York on the 5th of October, but the blue sea continued only blue, no patch of white canvas rising above it.

The horizon line, no matter who searched it with his glass, was empty as ever. October 6 there were a growling and barking, a rumbling and roaring, along the American works at a distance of eighteen hundred feet from the defenses of Cornwallis. The barking and growling, rumbling and roaring, soon came from points only nine hundred feet away from the British redoubts. The sides of the trap were closing on Cornwallis.

The night of the 14th shut down on a troubled land, on the besieged in their uneasy suspense, on the troops of Washington, bold and defiant, and—look! On the right, can you not hear a strange movement? Can you not see shadowy columns? The American army that night moved out in bold assault, with an energy that swept them as victors into the British outer works. With dogged spirit, the British charged out at the break of day on the 16th, but the box-trap was stronger than the British assault. Useless was this spasm, and the assailants were pressed back.

The very next day Cornwallis wished to lower his flag. It was not wise to struggle. Submission was only common sense. All arrangements were made, and on the afternoon of the 17th there came a scene that has made a brilliant, impressive picture in history, but the scene had for the British an inexpressible sadness. On one side were Washington and his tried officers; on the other was Count de Rochambeau, with his retinue. Long lines of Americans and French extended down the field, across which moved, in a pensive pomp, the British soldiers and their Hessian allies, formally laying down their arms and yielding up the colors that had led them through the smoke and shot of battle. Cornwallis stuck to his tent, saying he was sick, and without doubt he was disgusted with the whole business, and Gen. O'Hare took his place out on the field of humiliation. Seven thousand two hundred and forty-seven soldiers surrendered, and eight hundred and forty sailors also became prisoners. Thirty-one iron guns, and seventy-five brass ones were muzzled forever in the service of England, and could only speak again for America.

A sad spectacle! Yes, but for America how much it meant! Victory, the close of a long struggle, freedom, the opening of a glorious career as a nation. Now let the story be borne away. Quick! To horse somebody, and speed away! Tell the land that the night of struggle is over and the day is breaking—Liberty's day!

Somebody is mounting a horse. Lieut.-Col. Tilghman is to be the bearer of dispatches to Congress. Let him ride fast and fearless and his ride will take him to Philadelphia. Up through the Peninsula he hurries, and so through Virginia. See that planter in his doorway, an autumn vine flaunting its gay colors above him. What is the bold rider saying to him?

"Cornwallis has surrendered!"

"Yes," and a hearty hurrah is given. On, on into Maryland, the horse's hoofs pounding out a quick liberty tune. That farmer in the fields is with his harvest sheaves, and he looks up as he hears the echoing hoof beats. "Cornwallis surrendered!" is a piece of news that makes the farmer throw up his hat and cheer the tidings. On—on and at the end of four days from the time of starting the messenger proudly rides into Philadelphia.

"Cornwallis is taken" is a piece of news that makes the sleepy people almost crazy when they awake to a realization of the meaning of the hoof-beats echoing amid the surrounding stillness in the streets of Philadelphia. The watchmen cry the hours, adding, "and Cornwallis is taken." Philadelphia is the city of the Continental Congress, and its members are stirring at an earlier hour than usual. They hurry up the time of its meeting. Men weep. They cry. They shout. They do not stop here. With an attendant crowd of Quakers, the Congressmen move off to the Lutheran church. There the moments are given to glad, yet solemn, offering of thanksgiving to God.

Going back to Yorktown in thought, it may be of interest to the world to know that the ships whose sails Cornwallis expected to see rising like a nearing cloud of blessing above the sea, did come at last, only to learn that they had arrived too late, Sir Henry Clinton's fleet sullenly crawled north again, casting anchor once more in New York harbor. It was not an anchorage for a protracted war; for the days of peace were soon to break over land and sea.

Let us see to it that upon America and England shines an uninterrupted day of peace. Of the same blood, we may respect England's tenacity in holding on to her possessions here, even as we rejoice in the America that shook off that hold. Let us never fight again, only as we struggle side by side in behalf of the rights of human kind.—Edward A. Rand in New York Observer.

Brother Williams on Automobiles

"Well, suh," said Brother Williams, "dis yer outomobyou business is gettin' ter be de ruination er de country! I never see de like sence de day I raise en bo'n. Folks dat a few years back wuz satisfied ter go ter town in a ox cart, en wouldn't so much ez look at a railroad train, is now runnin' races ter see who'll strike de hereafter fust in a outomobyou! Hit's come ter de pass dat w'en a man falls out wid his mother-in-law de makes her a present er one er dem, en de nex' thing she knows she dunno nuthin'! En w'en his po' relations come ter spend de summer wid him, all he got ter do is—give 'em one ride, en dey don't come back no mo' fer Christmas! Hit's my opinion dat de outomobyou is doin' mo' ter thin out de human race dan all de rheumatism en doctors in de country."—Atlanta Constitution.

Brainy Men

Take Horseford's Acid Phosphate.

It increases capacity for concentrated brain work. As a Tonic in run-down conditions it is remarkably beneficial.

Charity of Speech.

Charity of speech is as divine a thing as charity of action. To judge no one harshly, to misconceive no man's motives, to believe things as they seem to be until they are proved otherwise, to temper judgment with mercy—surely this is quite as good as to build up churches, establish asylums and found colleges.

Unkind words do as much harm as unkind deeds. Many a heart has been wounded beyond cure, many a reputation has been stabbed to death, by a few little words.

There is a charity which consists in withholding words, in keeping back harsh judgments, in abstaining from speech, if to speak is to condemn. Such charity hears the tale of slander, but does not repeat it; listens in silence, but forbears comment; then locks the unpleasant secret up in the very depths of the heart. Silence can still rumor; it is speech that keeps a story alive and lends it vigor.

It is in the kind and gentle heart that charity abides with the peacefulness of a dove. There it makes its home, and, by the word withheld and the kindly words outspoken, we have the sign of the dove of peace nestling in the heart. For kind words are like "apples of gold in baskets of silver."

The heart which is filled with bitterness will give vent to it in words. It sees nothing bright or beautiful because its vision is clouded. Words are a good test of temper and habit of thought. As "to the pure all things are pure," so to the malicious and ill-tempered all things are black, unlovely, and of ill-repute. Words are also the signs of thought, and if the thought be kind and good, the words will be kind and gentle, free from malice and uncharitableness. There is nothing which so refines the face and mind as the constant presence of good thoughts.

Fitly spoken, words fall like the sunshine, the dew, and the summer rain; but when unfitly spoken, like the frost, the hail, and the desolating tempest. Therefore, by our words we proclaim what we are.—Humane Journal.

Preaching to Save Men Now.

It is for this purpose that the Gospel is to be preached. The command is, "Go ye into the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned." While the Gospel is also to be preached as a "witness," and while to some it will be a "savor of death," the design is that it may be "a savor of life unto life."

Christ came that He might save His people from their sins, that they might be cleansed from all unrighteousness, enjoy the new experience, help to save others, and have eternal life. And while the Gospel is intended to comfort, strengthen and bless the saints, men must be saved from sin before the Gospel can have this effect upon them; so the great object of the preacher must be to so preach that sinners may be reached, converted and saved, and this as soon as possible.—Rev. A. P. Mather in the Methodist Protestant.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

By the favor of God, who hath not dealt so with any nation before, and the bloodshed of hundreds of thousands who died to make men free, we have the best country in the world. This is not for our boasting, but for our maintaining and making it better.

In mechanical contrivance, intelligence, diplomacy, art, morality and religion it should be a country set upon the mount of God, giving light to the world. If I forget thee, O Jerusalem!

The tune, America, is claimed to have originated in France, Germany and England. I think it originated in the harmonies of the universe.

Every nation that is great has its national song that helped to make it so.

The author was a Baptist minister. Read hymn 932, and never despair of the Republic.

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

Samuel Francis Smith (b. 1808).

The Strength to be Weak.

It takes more strength to be weak than to be strong; and the highest exercise of strength is to refrain from exercising strength. The lowest exhibit of great strength is the senseless show of strength in a brute. The grandest exhibit of strength the world has ever seen is the strength which was shown by the Mighty Son of God, when he humbled himself into the likeness of man and became a helpless babe, with a life of suffering and a death of shame before him. And no grander exhibit of strength was made in all that life of voluntary and triumphant weakness, than when the Strong One stood as one weak, oppressed and afflicted, opening not his mouth in complaint or rebuke, when the faintest whisper from those closed lips could have brought more than twelve legions of angels for his rescue and defense! According as we are willing to be weak at the call of God, and as we have strength to be weak when weakness is our duty, do we soar above the level of the brutes, and approach the spirit of Him whose strength was made perfect in weakness.—Rev. J. E. Darby.

Not to Ourselves.

By Blanche Trennor Heath.

We live not to ourselves alone:
Our daily deed, our every speech
The subtle law of Life must own
That binds our being each to each.

Not to ourselves alone!—The rose,
Unfolding in her garden-ground,
Sweetens each wandering wind that blows
Beyond the paling's narrow bound.

Not to ourselves!—Oh, day by day
Our steps a nobler goal should win,
Since other eyes shall watch our way,
And other feet shall walk therein!

Do It.

Peter Cooper, who founded the Cooper Institute in New York City, had a hard struggle. As a boy his health was of the frailest. He went to school but one year in his life, and during that year he could go only every other day. But when he was eight years old he was earning his living by pulling hair from the skins of rabbits his father shot, to make hair pulp.

He had not "half a chance." It seemed almost literally true that he had no chance at all.

He went to New York when he was 17 years old. He walked the streets for days before he got a place, and then apprenticed himself to a carriage-maker for his board and two dollars a month. He had neither time nor money for what the world called pleasure, but he had the pleasure of hope.

While he was working for fifty cents a week he said to himself: "If I get rich I will build a place where the poor boys and girls of New York may have an education free." And so he did.

William Hunt, the painter, used to say, "Don't talk of what you want to do; do it."

That Gold Spoon.

There are some men who seem to be favorites of fortune. They are industrious, cheerful workers, full to overflowing of the energy of splendid health, and success seems fairly to drop into their hands. It is of such as these that the less hardy and less successful man says enviously, "That fellow was born with a gold spoon in his mouth." And yet on analysis it will be found that this success is largely due to splendid health, the endowment of a healthy mother.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription gives the mother health to give her child. It cures nervousness, nausea and sleeplessness. It makes the body comfortable and the mind content. It gives physical vigor and muscular elasticity so that the baby's advent is practically painless.

"I will endeavor to tell you of the many benefits I have derived from taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," writes Mrs. B. E. Robertson, of Medicine Lodge, Barber Co., Kans. "In the fall of 1899 I was expecting to become a mother and suffered terribly with pains in the back of head; in fact I ached all over. Suffered with awful bearing-down pains; I was threatened for weeks with mishap. A lady friend told me to use Dr. Pierce's medicines. She had taken them and felt like a new woman. I began using the 'Favorite Prescription' and took four bottles before my baby came and two afterwards. I suffered almost death with my other two children, but hardly realized that I was sick when this baby was born and she weighed twelve and one-quarter pounds. She is now eleven months old and has never known an hour's sickness; at present she weighs thirty-seven pounds. I owe it all to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

"Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong, and sick women well. Accept no substitute for the medicine which works wonders for weak women.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the most desirable laxative for delicate women.

Bob Burdette, "To My Son."

"So you are not going to church this morning, my son?

"Ah, yes, I see. 'The music is not good.' That's too bad; the Sabbath is the day of rest, and we go to church to repose. The less we do through the week, the more rest we clamor for Sundays.

"'The church is too far away, it istoo far to walk, and I detest riding in a street car, and they're always crowded on the Sabbath.' That is indeed, distressing. Sometimes when I think how much farther away heaven is than the church, and that there are no conveyances on the road of any description, I wonder how some of us are going to get there.

"'And the sermon is so long always.' All these things are, indeed, to be regretted. I would regret them more sincerely, my boy, did I not know that you will often squeeze into a stuffed street car, with a hundred other men, breathing an incense of whisky, beer and tobacco, hang to a strap by your eyelids for two miles, and then pay fifty cents for the privilege of sitting on a rough plank in the hot sun for two hours longer, while at intervals of the game a scratch band will blow discordant thunder out of a dozen misfit horns right into your ears, and come home to talk the rest of the family into a state of aural paralysis about the 'dandiest game you ever saw played on that ground.'

"Ah, my boy, you see what staying away from church does. It develops a habit of lying. There isn't one man in a hundred who would go on the witness stand and give, under oath, the same reasons for not going to church that he gives his family every Sunday morning. My son, if you didn't think you ought to go, you wouldn't make any excuses for doing right."—Texas Christian Advocate.

Secret Griefs.

Trouble comes in many forms. It may be a bitter disappointment which falls upon a young life when love has not been true, or when character has proved unworthy, turning the fair blossoms of hope to dead leaves under the feet. There are lives that bear the pain and carry the hidden memorials of such a grief through long years, making them sad at heart even when walking in sweetest sunshine. Or it may be the failure of some other hope, as when one has followed a bright dream of ambition for days and years, finding it only a dream. Or it may be the keener, more bitter grief which comes to one when a friend proves untrue or disgraces himself. The anguish which love endures for others' sins is among the saddest of earth's sorrows.

If we knew the inner life of many of the people we meet, we would be very gentle with them, and would excuse the things in them that seem strange or eccentric to us. They are carrying burdens of secret grief.—J. R. Miller, D.D.

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In Reading Your Bible.

We must study the Bible thoroughly and hunt it through, as it were, for some great truth.

If a friend were to see me searching about a building and were to come up and say, "Moody, what are you looking for—have you lost something?" and I answered, "No, I haven't lost anything; I'm not looking for anything in particular," I fancy he would just let me go on by myself and think me very foolish. But if I were to say, "Yes, I have lost a dollar," why, I might expect him to help me to find it.

Read the Bible as if you were seeking for something of value. It is a good deal better to take a single chapter and spend a month on it than to read the Bible at random for a month.—D. L. Moody.

The gospel would soon reach all men if we were as anxious to tell the virtues of Christ as we are to publish the faults of others.—Ram's Horn.

Children are in danger in our fierce summers, when cholera morbus and other bowel troubles are rampant. Save your little ones by giving them Perry Davis' Painkiller. Plain directions will be found on each bottle.

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Getting the Worst.

A boy came to the door of a lady's house and asked if she did not wish some berries, for he had been out all day gathering them.

"Yes," said the lady, "I will take them." So she took the basket and stepped into the house, the boy remaining outside, whistling to some canary birds hanging in their cages on the porch.

"Why don't you come in and see that I measure your berries right?" said the lady; "how do you know but I may cheat you?"

"I am not afraid," said the boy "for you would get the worst of it."

"Get the worst of it," said the lady; "what do you mean by that?"

"Why, ma'am," said the boy, "I should only lose my berries, and you would make yourself a thief. Don't you think you would be getting the worst of it?"

The boy was right. He who steals or does anything wrong or mean just to gain a few pence or a few shillings, burdens himself with a sin which is worse than all gain. Let this be born in mind: the one who does a wrong to another always gets the worst of it.

It is sometimes of God's mercy that men in the eager pursuit of worldly aggrandizement are baffled; for they are like a train going down an inclined plane, when puting on the brake is not pleasant, but it keeps the car on the track.—Beecher.

An Irishman was brought before the magistrates for stealing a piece of meat. In defense, he said: "Your worship, the last piece of meat I had since I landed in England was a roast potato, boiled hard, which I ate three days ago; and if you don't believe me, I have it in my pocket. I can show it to you." Dismissed!

The thought of God, the sense of an immediate relation of the spirit of man to the Eternal and the infinite, are easily displaced from men's minds by undue admiration for the achievements of a culture based on material progress, and supplying every need of human nature except the very deepest—the need of God.—J. Skinner.

Grim figures prove the death-rate among children in summer, an anxious time for mothers because bowel troubles are rampant. What a mercy it is that we have Perry Davis' Painkiller to save our little ones.

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